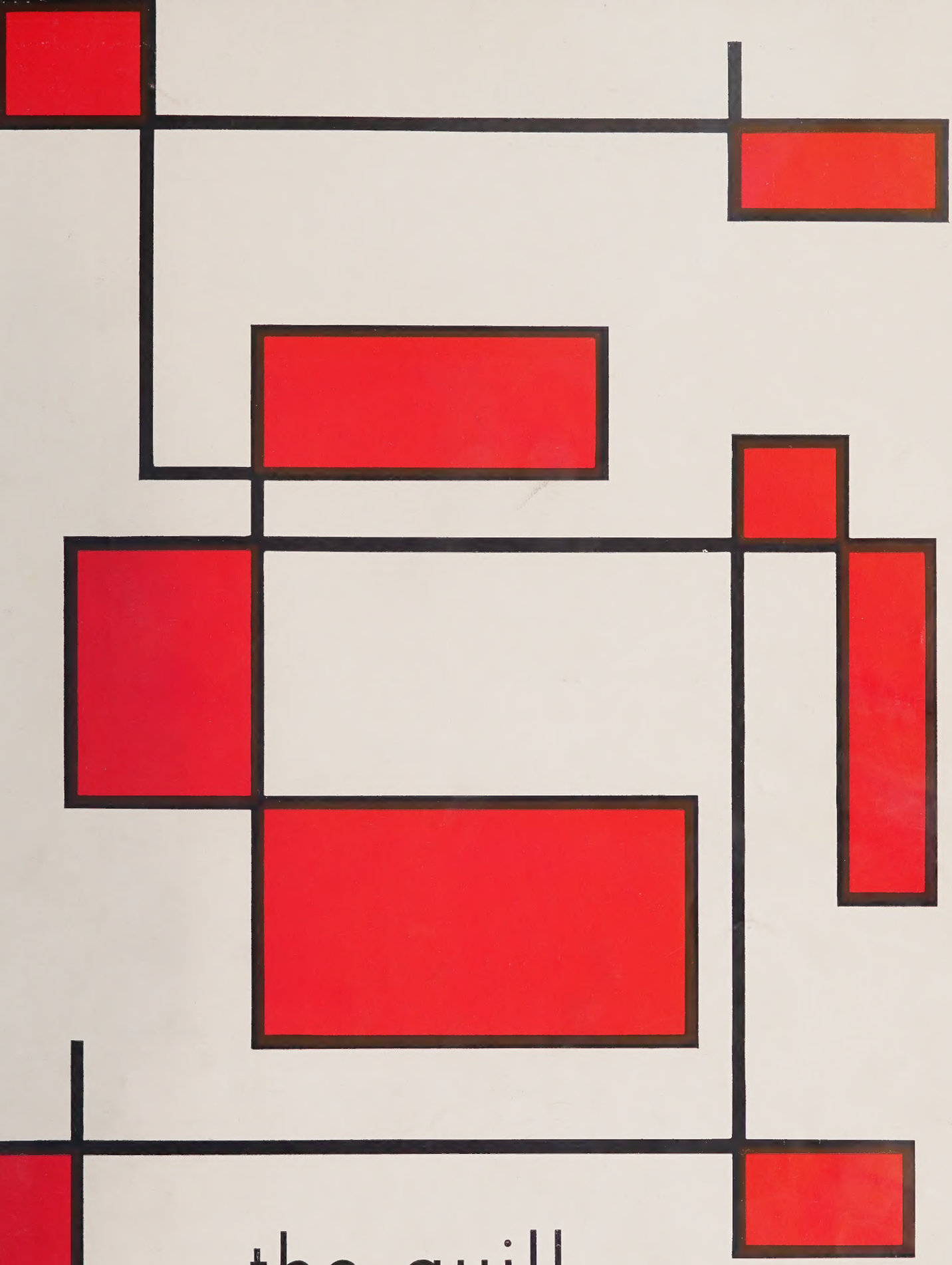

the quill

december

1957

The Quill

Queens College
Charlotte, N. C.

DECEMBER, 1957

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from the quill

MACHINE MONOPOLY

It is March—election time at Queens. All the clans are ready. Their ballots are marked, for plans have been laid at secret little gatherings held in private by the flicker of candlelight. Every member, like a well-oiled machine part, is ready for action. All new clan members have been thoroughly brainwashed. They know what to do—only clan members are to be nominated; only clan members are to be voted for; only clan members shall win. "Majority clan rule" is their cry! Nothing must go wrong. The clan now needs only to hear the rap of the gavel signifying the official start of the contest.

The rap is heard. Clan colors are unfurled, and the official delegations take their places. All clansmen must sit as a body in their specified section, for integration is against the ethical code of the clan. The gathering is called to order, and as a mere formality parliamentary procedure is followed. "Any nominations from the floor?" The appointed clan members make their well-rehearsed nominations. The opposing clans rally their forces to offer another nomination in order to split the clan vote. Chaos reigns for a moment. Then the noble voice of the last nominee is heard—"I withdraw." A sigh of relief issues from the clan as they give the noble one a nod of approval.

Nominating continues; chaos continues as clans battle with each other for the monopoly rule. Split votes, virtuous withdrawals, and hurried formal voting are all packed into the short meeting time. The bell rings; the battle is over for one day. Groups of buzzing clan members file from the meeting room glaring at the opposing teams.

The day drags on, and in the late afternoon the winners of the morning contest are posted. The clans gather once more, and the victorious clan members are praised and extolled. Rest is in order for the remainder of the day, for clan members must be on their toes for tomorrow's battle.

For one week the rivalry continues. From the clouds of dust the victors emerge. These victorious clansmen are now big wheels. Their particular clan has established a mighty position for itself on the campus. Victory parties and snake dances mark the end of the hectic week. Once again the machine is put away until another election arises. Will the machines be functioning this year? Let's put them away for good!

Robbie Leckie
Melissa Martin

DELUSION OF THE DOUBLE STANDARD

In the world today a great battle of ideologies is being waged. The man on the street has become something of an expert in comparing the freedoms of democracy with the enslavement of totalitarianism. Countless thousands of students write essays on "Peace," "The American Way," "The Constitution—Guardian of Liberty," and "The Land of Opportunity." Through ministers, politicians, teachers, and the various means of mass communication, the American dream is constantly being propounded to the world.

If the man on the street were asked to tell how he practices democracy, however, he would probably reply that he votes, pays taxes, and contributes to community projects. If it were hinted that perhaps he should do more, he would be either apologetic or irritated and would probably take refuge in the fact that very few other people do more than he and some do less.

The great majority of people in America are victims of the comforting delusion of the double standard: that is, one set of principles is preached and a totally different set is actually practiced. For example, the Hungarians fought for a noble cause, but helping them would have meant war with Russia. It's too bad they lost, and it's a good thing many of them escaped, but who has the time to play nursemaid to a bunch of refugees who can't even speak enough English to hold down a job? Donate a dollar and let someone else take care of them—freedom of speech should be preserved, but that guy sounds like a Communist to me and I don't want any Communist teaching my kids. A person is innocent until he is proved guilty, but it's better not to take any chances on Communists—It's a sin to kill, but we have to fight for peace—Americans have equal opportunity, but for-

(Continued on page 6)

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The Blue Quill

The October issue of *The Blue Quill* was anxiously awaited by the students. One day in November (everyone knows that waiting for anything makes it better) during our afternoon descent to the mailboxes, we found that *The Quill* had arrived at last. We were all happy to see it in our mailboxes; well, after two months of being at school, almost anything in our mailboxes is a welcomed surprise.

Those of us who didn't purposely leave our copy of *The Quill* in the Y-Store tenderly conveyed it to our rooms. It remained there for days or even weeks until it could be put to one of innumerable uses. Some of us used the pages of our copy to line closet shelves; others used theirs to protect the furniture while peeling oranges or apples or while polishing shoes; and still others found even more ingenious ways of using the magazine. A prime example of the importance of a copy of *The Blue Quill* was shown by an episode that occurred in Blair Union a few days after the October issue arrived on the campus. A day student was frantically ransacking the room looking for her copy of *The Quill*. A nearby student (a newcomer on the campus, of course) suggested, "Why don't you read one of the copies out on the hall table?"

The other day student looked amazed and answered contemptuously, "Read it, goodness no! I wrote my Bible notes on it and we're having a pop next period."

But one or two nonconformists (there are always some troublemakers on every campus) decided to read *The Quill*. We all wondered how they could find time between meetings to read a literary magazine unless, of course, something that they wrote was in it; but they did. This action was probably a result of their superiority complex. Some of them even began to *criticize* the magazine and make suggestions for improving it. Well, surprise of all surprises, it became the thing to do to criticize *The Quill*. In the Y-Store, the dormitory, and the classroom—in fact, all over campus people criticized *The Quill*. Here are some of the absurd suggestions that were made:

"*The Blue Quill* should have a definite policy." Everybody knows that our magazine could not have a policy because if it did we might not be able to use the leftover classroom assignments which are a main source of the material.

"*The Blue Quill* should occasionally use material written by students from other colleges or our own faculty members." How ridiculous! No other student can write as well as a Queens girl, and we don't want to clutter up our magazine with bad writing. As for faculty writing, we listen to their opinions every day; so why should we have to read their writing too?

"There should be no censorship of material of literary value, for in the United States we have freedom of the press." Each student learns when she comes to college that in this country we have freedom of the press except on the campus of a small church-related college. Anyway, we do not want material in our magazine that is controversial or that has a word or two that cannot be found in the dictionary. We young women do not want our minds corrupted. We cannot demoralize our campus by eliminating censorship!

Let the noncomformist scream that *The Blue Quill* is "a coloring book." *The Blue Quill* is a magazine for the students; and as long as it meets their needs, why change? — — — — — — Nobody reads it anyway.

HARRIETT LIPFORD

THE NEW QUILL

With this December issue of *The Quill* the staff has proposed its first attempt towards making our magazine more readable, more profitable, and more stimulating. We have seen *The Quill* used for note paper, we have heard the criticisms, we have recognized many of its faults. And we have taken a step toward improvement.

In this issue you will not find the usual stories of frills and flowers, for we do not think that such is nor should be the topic of thought among college students. Furthermore, there is no news section in this issue. Being a quarterly magazine, not a daily nor weekly newspaper, we find printing news impossible. Not only is news stale after two or three months, but it is also uninteresting, untimely, and unread. The only type of news suitable for a college magazine is a type of coverage known as interpretative reporting. Finding such reporting on the Queens campus is our hope.

And our hope of finding extends much farther. We know that there is much talent in our student body that has not been discovered and utilized. We also want to exploit the creative ability of our faculty. Their erudition and imagination demand recognition and appreciation. We are looking forward to including their contributions in future issues.

Whether or not the ideas expressed in this issue are in harmony with those of all the members of the student body and faculty is not our chief concern. They are obviously the ideas of individuals. And these are the ideas that we think most important. We need the freshness and originality that come from active minds. Because these active minds are present at Queens, both in students and faculty, we would like to see the results of their thinking in *The Quill*.

STELLA DROSS

R/

If one were conversing amiably with a distinguished member of the American Medical Association, and if a question were raised concerning this nation's outstanding hospitals, certainly several names would demand mention: Johns Hopkins, Bellvue, Duke, and, of course, Good Samaritan. These institutions, steeped in tradition as well as the odor of alcohol and bed pans, are the proud possessors of millions of dollars worth of medicine's latest developments in equipment, drugs, and the like. Endless are the wonders wrought by their physicians and nurses, and it would take an Engine Charlie Wilson to handle their financial problems.

But rivaling these giants of the medical world is an unimpressive establishment here at Queens. Just a small, white building, it is hidden (unfortunately not completely out of sight) at the rear of the campus. Erected to the glory of Florence Nightingale and for the convenience of the Queens student body, the infirmary, as it is lovingly called, is ever ready to minister to an ill student. It is open twenty minutes a day—4:00-4:10 A.M. and 11:40-11:50 P.M. During its off-hours, the infirmary, as it is lovingly called, is locked and barred to prevent any entry. However, the nurse can easily be reached somewhere, anywhere, in Charlotte, or within a 100-mile radius. If, after a few simple long-distance phone calls, the student still is unable to contact the nurse, the school's doctor is on twenty-four-hour-a-day duty—if he can be reached by phone. Often this is impossible since he is a hunting and fishing enthusiast and occasionally leaves town for days at a time without telling Mrs. Salk of his whereabouts.

But an ill Queens girl need never fear, for her every wish concerning medications has been anticipated. Standing outside the infirmary door is a vending machine. The student merely deposits $1.00 (the machine accepts only nickels), and out comes something to wipe every line from her 107° brow. As she staggers back to the dorm, tears of relief are likely to dribble down her fat little cheeks, for clutched in her hand is the one thing neither Hopkins, Duke, Bellvue, or Good Sam would offer—they wouldn't dare—it's condemned by the AMA—that Little Red Pill!

So relax, girls! Don't give Asian flu another thought. Go ahead and drink that extra cocktail for breakfast. Hangovers, colds, beri-beri, jungle fever, bubonic plague—all that ails you can be cured by this one pill. If you're desperately ill with a rare malady, and someone suggests Mayo's, snap your fingers and retort, "Mayo's be damned. Just lend me twenty nickels!"

SANDRA HUTCHINS

DELUSION OF THE DOUBLE STANDARD

(Continued from page 4)

eigners aren't really Americans until they've been here a couple of generations—Jesus was a Jew, but I never saw a Jew yet who wouldn't cheat you blind—I believe in the brotherhood of man, but I'll stand up before I'll sit next to a Negro—I respect the law, but the Supreme Court doesn't have the right to tell people whom they have to go to school with—All men are created equal, but some races are just naturally superior to others.

The multitude of double standards that are accepted and lived with quite comfortably by all but a few nonconformists indicates a serious moral weakness in America. The free world looks to us for leadership in the fight against totalitarianism. How can we hope to convince others that our ideology is best when we cannot live up to it ourselves? Are our ideals impossibly high, or are we merely too corrupt and lazy to reach them? Every outbreak of prejudice and intolerance in America is exploited to balloon-like proportions for all the world to see. Our refusal to face our own weaknesses may well result in our losing the war of nerves by default.

MARILYN HACKETT

CONFORMITY

MARY ANNE CARMICHAEL

The shiftless mass slips through the day unnoticed;
A thousand footsteps mingle and leave no trace.
My shadow is there, but where? I cannot find it.
From you and you, it will not separate.

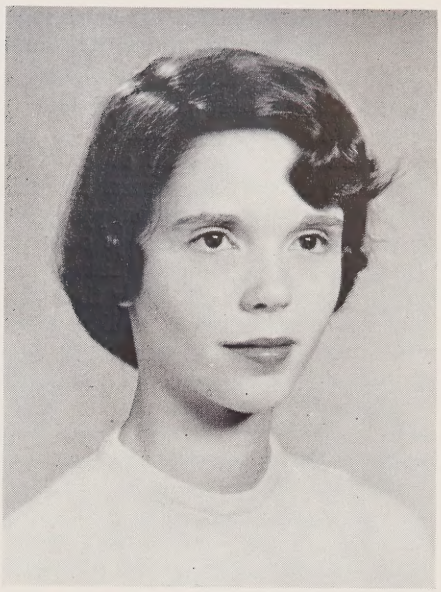
The call is loud; it rings and crashes through my mind.
Where are you now? How do you stand? How tall?
Why not reach up, stretch out, stand still, defy?
Why not be "me" instead of "you and I"?

No bar or ban is there to turn me back;
My spirit soars; there's freedom in my grasp.
No helping hand I need, or solace seek,
For inward am I strong and proud and straight.

One shadow stands alone—not prisoned in the mass.
My goal is won, but why grows it so dim?
Those who cried "Stand" are gone; they follow not—
Their way is light. I falter, turn, and see. I go.
I must conform.

The Segregation Problem

By Betsy Goodykoontz



Betsy Goodykoontz, senior from Louisville, Ky.

In 1954 the Supreme Court of the United States of America ruled against further segregation of Negro and white pupils in the nation's public school system. It would be expected that such a decision would be accepted quietly and resolutely in a nation that cherishes its Christian, democratic heritage. Sadly enough, however, such is not the case. In the Southern states resentment, rebellion, hatred, and civil strife flared up immediately. The bitter, frightened white people of the South have arisen. The voice of the South has been heard throughout the world. The people of the South have vowed to defend their racial supremacy and their segregated school system at all costs. A way of life has been threatened; a serene, complacent culture is tottering on the brink of extinction. What is the problem? What is the solution?

In the past few years some public schools have entered upon a new phase of educational history. In many school districts of the border states, integration of white and Negro students has proceeded in a quiet and orderly manner. There has been an air of dignity and a desire for co-operation in these situations. In Louisville, Kentucky, for example, a school official remarked of integration proceedings there, "The Negro and white youngsters sat down together and started studying together and that was that." Ugly, violent incidents stemming from integration attempts in other cities have blotted out such success, however. The shameful civil uprising in Little Rock, Arkansas, has made the picture look blacker than ever.

As in all areas of conflict, there are two sides to this vital issue. The citizens of the United States must realize this fact and be prepared to see both sides of the segregation problem. It is the duty of open-minded, thoughtful men to view this tragic problem from every angle before trying to come to any lasting decision. A decision must be reached, however, and it must be a decision that the United States will be proud of and will uphold with honor and dignity.

The typical Southern segregationist has many varied reasons for fearing and despising the threat of integration in the public school system. One of the loudest cries of protest heard in the South is that of intermarriage between the white and black races. Not only is such a concept contrary to the entire cultural upbringing of the average Southern, but also it is argued that amalgamation of races results in a weak, inferior race. The Southerner argues that he does not want his children to go to school with Negro children because the Southern Negro has much lower living standards, lower morality, and lower intelligence than the white man. The South's most valid argument is that the under-privileged Negro child, whose home environment is culturally inferior to that of the white child, will limit and hinder the education of the more advanced white children in the class. The middle-class white man also fears that if the Negro gains equality and better education, he may take advantage of the rapid industrialization in the South and threaten the white man economically. Although he does not openly say so, the white man in the South resents and fears the threat to traditional Southern white supremacy. Integration extends far beyond the educational system of the South. It is an attack on the fundamental culture of a vast area of the nation. It is an attempt to change with rapid immediacy a way of life that has existed for hundreds of years.

There is another side to the issue, though. Among the more superficial reasons for integration is that of practical efficiency. It is not only inefficient but also costly to operate two separate public school systems. In a segregated school system the schools of the less-favored race almost certainly will not be as good as the schools of the favored race. The democratic concept of equality, therefore, demands integration. The international role and influence of the United States brings in another angle of the picture. In a day when Americans from North and South alike decry the frightening spread of Communism, we seem to be forgetting that our oppression of the black man and our racial violence provide excellent Communist propaganda to be used on the dark-skinned peoples of the East. It is undoubtedly true that the average Southern Negro has shockingly low standards of living. What better solution to this problem is there, however, than education and association with the white man, who can teach and inspire higher standards? Pure Americanism provides the greatest argument for integration. The United States was established as a democratic and Christian nation. Every earnest American wants his nation to remain democratic and Christian. Democracy implies equality and integration, not discrimination and segregation. The entire idea of segregation is in conflict with Christian doctrine.

It is only fair to attempt to weigh the two sides of the segregation question in an open-minded way. Each faction concerned has some strong arguments which must be analyzed. The Southern segregationist must recognize the phenomenon of the culture that is changing before his

eyes; the integrationist must recognize the wisdom and virtue of moderation and understanding.

The South's reactionary protests can and must be answered calmly and well. The fear of intermarriage seems to be rather strong, considering the minimal occurrence of intermarriage in areas of the country which have had integrated schools for years. In the Southland, which is steeped in bi-racial tradition, probably it would be hundreds of years before intermarriage occurred, if ever. The South also fears an economic upheaval caused by Negroes educated in better schools. Only time can answer this question. The Southerner should realize, however, that the increasing industrialization of the South will bring him stiff competition and economic changes whether a better-educated Negro class is involved or not. The most reasonable argument which the South presents is that integrated schools would create a problem because the average Negro child is inferior to the white child as far as cultural opportunities and advantages are concerned. This is probably true in the Deep South, and it is a problem that will require much serious consideration. A few years of work by qualified educators and psychologists, however, should provide an adequate answer to the problem. If the most satisfactory methods of coping with this particular problem are put into effect, the Southern Negro will have started the upward climb toward better education and better living.

Such concrete problems as are mentioned above can be solved effectively. Serious thought on the part of trained workers can iron out the difficulties. The South will still oppose integration, though. The basic difficulty of the entire segregation issue rests on the traditional culture of the Southland. Southerners do not want to give up their serene way of life that has been pursued for centuries. The South must realize that the ante-bellum days of plantations and hoop skirts are gone forever. This is 1957, the time of internationalism, not sectionalism. The world is gripped by revolutionary changes wherein the common man is rising to assert his basic rights as a human being. The South, so steeped in lovely tradition, must arise to meet the level of the changing world.

The main tenets of the pro-integrationist are basic in the American way of life. The practicality and efficiency of the integrated school system is only sensible. More important than this, integration would erase a black mark from our name in the eyes of the world. Such an example to the world might prove a Godsend and a light of hope to oppressed men everywhere. The strongest reasons for integration rest on the principles of democracy and Christianity. Segregation of races in schools is not democratic. It immediately implies the superiority of one race. The Negro is as much a human being, a man with God-given right, as any white man is. The Negro deserves equality with the white man in every respect. A segregated school system does not imply this equality, nor does it provide this equality. If the United States is a Christian nation, as it claims to be, and if its citizens are a Christian people, segregation is on its deathbed. Christianity transcends tradition, societal cultures, and racial barriers. It is the religion of love, not the religion of condescending parentalism toward a lesser race.

In viewing the two sides of the tragic segregation issue, I cannot help believing that segregation is not only impractical and useless in a changing world; it is undemocratic and un-Christian. Would the founding fathers of our nation have burned dummies of Negroes in a schoolyard? Would Christ have started a riot because a white child and a black child were learning together?

This is a crucial, chaotic time for our world. There is too much hate and conflict in the world. It is shameful and wrong that our nation, founded with faith and honor and dignity, should contribute to the disunity of modern civilization. There is more than the cultural change of a region involved in the segregation issue. The basic rights of man are at stake. Those who believe in the dignity of man and in the teachings of the Son of Man must stand up for their beliefs. They must have convictions, and they must fight for their convictions with the kind of faith and hope that never dies.

SNOWFLAKES FALL

From *(Seasonal Sketches)*

Alfred Wang
Davidson College

Snow flakes fall,
White feathery snow flakes,
Pattern'd in form and shape,
Silver'd the world near and far,
They fall, weightlessly,
From the motionless gray sky.

Snow flakes fall,
White feathery snow flakes,
Fluttering in rhythm and pace,
Cotton'd the country high and low,
They fall, breathlessly,
In the midst of serenity and peace.

I HAVE GROWN TOO USED TO LIVE ON WHEELS

From *"Beyond East and West"*

Alfred Wang

I have grown too used
To live on wheels:

Turning to see behind,
Hills and mountains grow misty and small,
And then turning to look ahead,
Nothing but the endless highway,
Dotted with dusty trees,
Curving to meet the horizon.
Now and then in between the pumping of gas
And the checking of tires
At solitary service stations,
Memory creeps like the fog
Veiling a morning harbor;
But it vanishes soon,
Even as the sea-gulls
Chase the patched sails on the raging water.

I am filled again with a sensational content:
Content of a vagabond never to return home.

The Book Shelf

CONFLICT IN AMERICA

The Negro and the Schools, by Harry S. Ashmore. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C., 1954, 239 pp.

One who publicly touches a sore spot in any controversy inevitably initiates another controversy, himself being the subject. Such a man is Harry S. Ashmore, editor of the Arkansas Gazette and author of *The Negro and the Schools.* In a nationwide television broadcast several weeks ago Governor Orval Faubus of Arkansas singled out Ashmore as "an ardent integrationalist . . . biased and prejudiced." Columnist Walter Winchell came to Ashmore's defense by referring to the Arkansas editor as one of countless citizens who are holding fast to the finest American tradition by struggling for law and decency. Ashmore himself replied to Faubus' charges with the claim, "I am not, as I've been branded, an integrationalist. I am an up-holder of law and order."

Realizing the need for a new and comprehensive look at the structure of bi-racial education in the United States, forty researchers in a Ford Foundation project conducted the studies which provided data for *The Negro and the Schools.* To Harry S. Ashmore, editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* and a native of South Carolina, was given the responsibility of fitting this mass of research data into a larger context of the developing pattern of American race relations. As the book is a combination of both of these factors (data and speculation) Ashmore states, "This of necessity projects this volume well beyond the safe bounds of public school records and into an area of violently conflicting opinions and prejudices."

Bi-racial education has its roots in the wake of a struggle. Before the Civil War the South, an agricultural giant, showed little interest in universal education. The wealthy were educated by private tutors or in private academies. Slaves and poorer classes of white people remained illiterate or were self-educated. In some Southern states teaching slaves to read and write was officially a crime. Then came the war, settling the issue of slavery, but leaving unanswered the questions relating to full citizenship for the emancipated. The chaotic post-war Reconstruction period produced an interest in universal education and the concept of equal (but separate) facilities for the races.

However, segregation in education was not uniquely a Southern practice, but a general American one. There were relatively few Negroes in the non-South, and wherever they concentrated in large numbers they ran into social and economic pressures which forced them to live apart from the white community. The "separate but equal" doctrine in education was given sanction of federal law in the famous Plessey case of 1896.

Despite the efforts of Southern leaders and outside contributions from philanthropists, the Negro branch of the Southern school system lagged far behind, primarily because of pressing economic problems. By 1916 there were only 67 Negro public high schools in the South, with fewer than 20,000 students. In comparison to the rise in salary of the white teacher from $200 to $900, the Negro teacher's average salary rose from $100 to $400 in the period from 1900-1930.

The thirties brought important gains in Negro education in the South as white leadership increasingly recognized its responsibility of maintaining it. The "separate but equal" doctrine began to gain acceptance in its literal meaning. Yet the Negro branch of the system continued inadequate, and the legality of this inequality in the dual school remained to be questioned.

When question did arise, it was directed at the top level of the public educational structure. Supreme Court decisions in various cases of the forties opened the doors of certain Southern graduate schools and public universities to Negroes. However, no university (public or private) sought to abandon segregation until it was faced with what its board of trustees could agree was inevitable. These years also brought the issue of inequality in primary and secondary schools before federal courts a dozen times. Court tests made clear that if segregation was to be maintained, equality would have to be a fact and not a token policy. In the latter years of the forties most states appropriated additional funds for equalization programs.

But pro-integrationalists refused to be pacified with equalization efforts. For them it was all or nothing. A highly-skilled legal staff of the NAACP backed plaintiffs in Supreme Court battles, and in May of 1954 the decision was reached. Chief Justice Earl Warren read the unanimous opinion, ". . . We conclude that in the field of public education the doctrine of separate but equal has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal." Thus an epitaph was written to Plessey and a new era in American history initiated.

A second part of *The Negro and the Schools* is composed of numerical tables revealing the progress made in education by the South and the dimensions of the job that lies ahead. Population shifts which affect the South's educational system are also presented.

Thus Ashmore completes his story of words and numbers—a story that touches upon one of the greatest areas of conflict in modern America—a story which Ashmore himself admits is "well beyond the safe bounds of . . . records."

MARY STENHOUSE

NATION IN DEFEAT

Bridge to the Sun, by Gwen Terasaki. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1957. $3.50.

In this first factual account of an American woman, married to a Japanese, who lived out the war years in Japan, Gwen Terasaki portrays with authenticity and warmth the living conditions, the characteristics and customs, and the personal privations of a people deteriorating as a nation in defeat. Writing with compassion, humor, and vivid color, Mrs. Terasaki moves the reader with her true story of the period when relations between Japan and America had reached their peak of tension. She writes convincingly of the attempt that she, an American, and her husband, a Japanese, made to bridge the gap of misunderstanding between Japan and the United States. Although their struggle was depressing and at times desperate, the reader is sure that their attempt was not in vain—that, if nothing more, they proved to their personal acquaintances that there is a common bond between human beings of all races and that the ultimate common purpose is world peace.

The story begins with the courtship between Gwen and Mr. Terasaki, affectionately nicknamed Terry. They were married in 1931, just as tension between their two countries was mounting. Even this early their constant dream was of a "rainbow across the Pacific," a bridge of peace between Japan and the United States. In the following ten years, Terry's service with the Japanese Foreign Office took them to Japan, China, Cuba, and Washington, where they were living at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Learning first of all that she would not be accepted wholeheartedly by the Japanese was Mrs. Terasaki's first barrier, for they viewed her as a burden to Terry and referred to her as "Terasaki's folly." This incited her more than ever to prove that an American woman could bear as much for her family as a Japanese woman could.

And proving this point becomes a major factor in Mrs. Terasaki's book. Torn between love for her own country and respect for her husband's land, she suffers many heartbreaks. Perhaps her most serious one came when Pearl Harbor was attacked and she realized that the full power and seriousness of the United States had been aroused. This event brought literal hunger to her and her family as they sought refuge in the mountains. These raw experiences, coupled with the feeling of mixed emotions such as the people displayed on the Japanese surrender, give Mrs. Terasaki's book the quality of dealing with real tragedy.

But in the midst of the peril, *Bridge to the Sun* maintains warmth and humor. Even at the most tragic moments, she relieves the tension with touches of humor. She tells of one incident with an American friend who telephoned her long distance in Odawara:

> As all long-distance calls had to be conducted in Japanese so as to be monitored by the operators, I had to try to make sense in that language over the phone. It is more difficult to speak a language you partly know over the telephone than one would suspect. I made many blunders and had such a struggle of it that we spent most of the time laughing. Once my friend forgot and in her confusion said, "Oh, hell,"—quick as a flash the operator said, "Put that into Japanese," but we could only laugh.

STELLA DROSS

THE ENCOUNTER

Faith in Conflict, by Carlyle Marney. Abingdon Press, New York, 1957, 158 pp., $2.50.

"After the storm we rested in the winter sun at the inn and met *The Dragon* (doubt); up by the monument, after several miles in heavy snow we saw *The Serpent* (evil); and next day before the log fire in the lounge, snowbound from our dividing highways, *The Falcon* (culture) and *The Vulture* (death) came alive. But our words were fragile symbols and went away. Perhaps on paper the encounter is more abiding."

Faith in Conflict is a most unusual and penetrating book. Carlyle Marney takes the reader on his quest for truth as he brings faith into open conflict with doubt which tries to destroy it, evil which threatens to engulf it, culture which attempts to submerge it, and death who would overcome it.

The most challenging portion of this book was devoted to faith versus doubt with reason the deciding factor. But reason carries one only to a certain point. Then it is superseded and man finds that religion adds more burdens than it removes. He must believe the unbelievable; he must have credulity in the face of the incredulous. Reason does not serve as a mere critic, weighing all facts until he dissembles that tiny elemental part called truth. This it is true is the first step. "The task of reason is to make impossible all religions save the best." Through this trial something happens, and this something is THE ENCOUNTER. The result is faith. This faith is man's responsive act to God's initiative on his behalf.

PATSY HOGG

DE PROFUNDIS

Our roving reporter, Hedda R. Murrow, eager to promote that spirit of truth which prevails at Queens, posed the following question to several influential men on this campus: "Are you now, or have you ever been, a member of the Communist party?" The answers she received:

Nikolai Hollidayovsky—"Hell, yes! Hold my hammer and sickle while I pass out these pamphlets explaining why."

Josef F. Fehonovitch—"I wish to revoke the 6th Amendment."

Earlsky Zhukov—"As their next selection the Oratorio Singers will present 'Song of the Vulgar Boatmen.'"

Gordon W. Khrushchev—"Oh my God! I'm out of Smirnoff's!"

Now that we have determined wherein lie the political sympathies of these distinguished soldiers and statesmen, our earnest prayer is that similar answers will resound across other democratic campuses throughout this land of the free and home of the Braves!

NIGHT BEAT

Marilyn Hackett

A night watchman may not make much money, but for somebody like me who ain't afraid of the dark and don't mind being by hisself, it's a good job. My army pension's enough for me and my wife to live on without pinching pennies, but I got tired of loafing around getting in Hattie's way, and a little extra cash never hurts. I figured I was too old to learn a trade, so I got a job at this girls' college out from town a ways. Didn't have a bit of trouble getting hired—when I told 'em I'd been a master sergeant and was used to night duty, I guess they figured I could handle just about anything that would happen.

One thing's for sure, it ain't boring. Now don't get the wrong idea—I don't get my kicks from peeping in windows or anything like that. Keeping up with everything that goes on is plenty of excitement, especially if you've got a sharp eye and a sense of humor. I ain't bragging, but I see a heck of a lot more than anybody thinks I see, even if I don't advertise it.

For instance, on Saturday nights after I check front campus for couples sitting in cars (I usually have to knock on a few car windows and root 'em out), I generally drop in at Bothwell Hall—that's the administration building—to see the 11:45 newscast on TV. That's where the girls have to say goodnight to their dates, and since Saturday night curfew's midnight, it's usually pretty crowded about that time. They come in kinda squinting at the bright lights and taking quick looks in the big mirror in the entrance hall to see if they've got all the lipstick off. Then the boys yank at their ties and stick their hands in their pockets and stare at the floor, and the girls run their hands through their hair and start talking real fast and smiling real big at everybody. You never saw such a self-conscious-looking bunch.

The fire drills are the real shows, though. They have to have three or four at the beginning of the year to get the freshmen used to getting out and in again in four and a half minutes flat. They're usually at about two or three in the morning so that even the upperclassmen'll be asleep. The bell starts ringing and the windows start lighting up, and then after the heavy sleepers finally wake up they come stumbling out of the dorms and stand in groups yawning and shivering while the roll's called. They're really a terrible-looking crew at that hour, too. If their boyfriends could see 'em with no make-up on and their hair all pinned up and gook all over their faces, they'd probably all decide to be bachelors.

At a girls' school, and a strict one at that, you wouldn't think there'd be much trouble with practical jokes, but every once in a while they pull off a lulu. One night last spring they hatched up a plot to slam every door in every dorm on the stroke of eleven o'clock. Sounded like a burst of rifle fire—nearly scared me out of my wits. Then there was the unveiling ceremony for the statue of one of the founders. They had a big dedication with a lot of speeches telling what a fine, upstanding Christian educator he was; and then when they pulled off the cover, his nose was painted red. They nearly expelled the whole school for that one.

Of course my main worry is prowlers. We don't have as many as you'd think a girls' school would have—most of the time it's a false alarm or else they run the minute an uproar starts—but prowlers are the main reason I carry a gun. One night about eleven-thirty I was just rounding the corner of Bothwell when I noticed one window in the freshman dorm all lit up and a couple of girls leaning out of it. They're supposed to have their lights out by eleven-fifteen, so I headed over that way to see what was up. Then a girl screamed, and I lit out at a dead run with my .38 ready just in case. When I saw somebody come stampeding out of the bushes I thought that was it for sure. But it was one of the freshmen, soaking wet and bawling like a branded calf. By that time every light in the building was on and the window was packed full of people. When I finally got everybody to shut up so I could hear, I found out that the other girls in the suite had pretended to throw her boy friend's picture out of the window, and before anyone could stop her she'd crawled out the window to get it. Then they told her it was right under the window, and when she came up close to look for it, they poured water on her head. They'll never know how close they came to losing a suite-mate that night.

So far I haven't had to shoot at anybody. But the guy that had this job before me wasn't so lucky. When he saw a man fooling around at one of the windows of the junior and senior dorm, he shot first and asked questions later. He only hit the man in the leg, but he felt pretty bad when the girl in the window told him that her boy friend had only come to the window to give her the coat that she'd forgotten and left in his car.

Like I said, this job ain't boring. In fact, it beats a pay-day week-end at Fort Jackson.

Laura Prince, junior
from Charlotte, N. C.

ABRAM

Laura Prince

HERE LET ME REMAIN, close by my father. Here let
me remain.
Am I drawn by fascination? Is it the wonder of the unknown
That stays my feet quietly by his side? What power is there
In death to draw me toward this scene of sorrow? What
mysteries
Hover here which are unknown to me? There is no power
here,
Only ruthless fascination. Some significance of this
experience
Has compelled me to wonder here at the side of Terah,
my father.
And I am forced to contemplate while Sarai weeps alone
in the tent.
Since violet spring wavered into golden summer,
And the flocks were free to graze and roam the hillside,
I have known that death awaited.
Two hundred years and this life has finished.
He who had a quick laugh sought long solitudes,
Sought them but could not find peace.
He has suffered many things and sought escape here in
this land,
This land of Haran which he came to cherish.

My Ur of the Chaldees!
Land of fire!
Land of oppression, luxury, and invasion;
Land of sweltering weather.
Land of driving sandstorms, windstorms so fierce,
So fierce that the ears bleed and the throat parches.
O land, cooled and stilled by the moist breezes from the
Euphrates.
O land of many peoples;
Burly bargemen in sheepskin skirts tend the black forms,
The awkward barges moored to the thousand quays.
Now they weigh,
Now they stack huge bales of wool, hides, corn, pottery—
Naked to the waist.
Huge bargemen stacking grain in the warehouses.
Men, slaving over the canals,
Elaborate, expensive canals.
Men sweating as they toil,
While others are taxed and taxed and taxed again.
Wealthy men, powerful leaders of the community
Give, give, give to keep the canals open.
Goldsmiths, men of the earth,
Creators of beauty,
Producers of helmets, daggers, tools for war
Beat gold, silver, copper, tin—beat them into anything;
Set stones in jewelry.
Countrymen in the temple,
Bringing cattle, sheep, goats,
Donkeys laden with sacks of barley,
Pay rents and tithes,
Sell vessels of oil, hunks of cheese, pots brimming
With golden butter, bales of wool—
Always bargaining,
While servants of the temple weigh, check, recheck;
Men talk of war, of the gods.
O land of music tinkling from sweet lyres of gold, silver,
Copper and mosaic;
Land that has witnessed human sacrifice in the tombs.
Land of silver, gold hair bands in the locks of women,
I belonged to you!

Ur! You took away Haran, beloved by my father.
My brother has perished;
I watched him slowly die—no herb would heal.
Confused and jumbled poured the words from his lips.
Small, gasping cries broke the silent nights.
Only a smoking shell-shaded lamp remained,
The light from its wick glowing near the sesame oil.
And I witnessed.
Ur! You gave my father poverty and injustice,
Yet he longed to live,

Living and partly dying.
Sometimes the grass failed us,
So that the sheep were lean and covered with dingy fleece.
Rain and dryness left us with no hope.
One year there would flow abundance—
Famine followed closely,
So that a great fear flew upon us,
Devouring us in its clutches.
Did not my father worship faithfully your god?
Observe the feasts?
Pay homage to the creatures of nature?
Nannar, patron of the land, was his father, his ruler,
His high lord of the sky.
Terah worshipped the great landowner,
The young bull of heaven.
Nannar's crescent horns he held sacred,
While he offered many verses to his god, praising his
Blue lapis lazuli beard.
Many times did Terah listen intently to the songs of Nannar,
Chanted by choruses of soft-spoken priests.
Terah lived the image of Nin-Gal, the Great Lady,
And wondrous praises did he utter to her majesty and
beauty.
Terah pondered his knowledge of astronomy—studied,
Talked of it in the streets,
Spoke of it in the home.
Yet you scorned him, Ur of the Chaldees,
So that he had to seek a solace in a foreign land.

O Ur! Leave my thoughts, leave me to sigh alone.
I have loved you, yes.
But you go on, reeking with the follies of man,
So that I cannot return.
I stand here by my father, knowing and feeling your doom.
You go too quickly—never stopping to reason.
Is it the terrace that shall crumble?
Is it the Ziggurat that shall fall?
Magnificent temple of the East,
Built by the command of Ur-Nammu.
Shall your palm gardens know rocks?
Shall your chapel dedicated to the moon be destroyed?
Will it be the ancient brickwork that will perish?
Will it be the desolate tombs that will pronounce the
destiny?
Death comes in many and terrible ways,
Whispering in the corners,
Knocking with unhappiness in its bosom.
Yes, my father knew hunger and disease,
Birth and labour,
Travail and weary wanderings.
So was the journey rough, so was the sand endless.
Anguish shall not rear its ugly head in this way again.
The first leaving is the breaking of endurance,
The putting away of all familiar things, to take up strange
ones.
This was years ago,
But my mind now burns within me as I recall.
Explaining would only make the remembering unbearable,
Make the heart ache even more,
Make the throat choke.

Have I not known?
Have I not witnessed enough sorrow?
What was in the future was coming, in the room of the
sick,
In the grain field, among the herds,
In the vast destruction of the jackals,
In the moanings of the owl,
In the rumblings of the cracked earth.
Torn away from the animal spirits,
Terah was reduced to utter despair.
O Terah, my father, my foundation!
Sarai weeps alone in the tent;
She weeps because there is no child to comfort her,
No little one to kiss her tears away.
I weep because I have not the strength to bring comfort.
Weakness covers my loneliness,
And I am afraid.
My bones already speak of years of toil;
My hands are browned and calloused,
Fatigue comes earlier in the day.
Yet, stubbornness will seek and will find!
I shall reason, and I shall know—
For I am man!

Customs of my ancestors, hear me now.
Have I the right to seek life in you?
Will you allow me peace of mind?
I think not.
Nannar, what wisdom from your great store of knowledge
Shall be mine?
Will I come to learn of the river? the sun? the stars?
What words now flow over your blue beard to send joy
into my being?
The moon is your dwelling place, your kingdom—
Yet is your person worthy to be named its creator?
I have studied the horns you bear,
Talked long of your wandering among the sky in your
tiny bark.
Yet, I am deceived.
I am answered with nothing more than silence,
Not ever a small whisper.
Only a ringing echo of falseness dwells in my heart.
Nannar, your laws are no longer binding.
My inner person rebels against all that is held sacred by
Those who give you their lives.
And I have felt the sting of your vengeance,
So that I can no more seek council in the writings.
I must seek elsewhere.
I must find something beyond myself.
For my being is restless and is longing,
Searching,
Must meet its maker.

Does happiness dwell in Haran,
This land where I have lived?
The answer does not appear, does not come.
What sign shall I take,
The proceeding years of my existence?
The day is warmer, the night grows cold.
Nothing penetrates the still air.
The eternal lambs lie under the ancient oaks,
The oaks which bear their leaves in their season.
Shall my flocks be my happiness,
Would a son fulfill my desires? be my delight?
Child longed for, forgive my ignorance.
Sarai weeps no longer; her eyes are dry.
Yet in her gaze is hopelessness.
Motherless of women, what happiness do you seek?
The rich and silken clothes bring little satisfaction.
In all my wealth, in all my possessions,

footsteps of despair.
My [illegible] ny herds, my servants, my lands, all my [illegible] ions—
Offer you anything beyond material glory?
My interests seem fixed in you;
Yet, I am totally destitute.
Yet, I am completely downcast.

Nature, are you my creator? Did I evolve from some lower form?
Would you care if mankind were to perish?
Shall I find peace when I behold the beauties and wonders of your face?
But you are dead where I am alive—
How is it possible for us to meet on such terms?
Differences between my existence and yours cannot be overthrown
Nor reconciled.
I call upon you for food, shelter, clothing.
Can I worship that which I plant, that which I kill?
I would long for you, but what revelation do you give?
No, I have but one comfort at this time, one hope.
I am in the likeness of those who lived before me—
Adam, Noah, Shem.
O Noah, my father,
I possess your words.
I have kept your words, and I find a ray of light in them.
Men were punished for their wickedness.
Could there be a god somewhere, somewhere who cares what men are about?
The rain wiped away the evil, the things of shame.
My heart longs for the eternal being,
The being who made heaven and earth and all there within.
My body pleads mercy, desires to face its true creator.
I am restless and must move on.
Haran no longer holds me fast.
My father is dead, and I am almost dead in spirit.
I must flee my country, my kindred, my father's house;
In a distant country will I be blest,
Will my name become revered,
Will my seed become a great nation!

Heed my commands, my herdsmen.
Call forth every man from the fields;
Prepare the tents for travel.
Gather together the flocks of goats, sheep, cattle;
Laden the donkeys with the women.
Take care of Sarai and guard her comfort.
Cook the bread that we may not perish along the way.
O Sarai, cry no more, dear wife!
Onward we must go, for my mind burns within me.
Something within me is urging me into a distant land,
A land flowing with milk and honey
Where we shall find peace and knowledge,
Where we shall pray and offer sacrifice to the one God.
We must hurry, for there is so little time,
So little time.
And we grow old quickly.
Be not afraid of the journey or of the strange land,
For I have heard a voice speaking quietly in the dusk of the day:
"Go forth, for by you all the families of the earth will bless themselves."
Sarai, Sarai, there shall be a child!
And I shall meet my creator face to face!

The Coins

Vicky Chow

On a hot July afternoon I went alone to shop in the downtown area of Kobe. I wandered from shop to shop but was not able to secure what I wanted. Irritated by the time I wasted as well as by the terrific heat of the mid-summer afternoon, I dragged myself lazily toward the train station. Indeed, I was dreadfully tired, complaining of my ill luck. With much effort, I mounted the platform and got inside a rather empty car of a local train. Finding an inconspicuous seat in one corner of the car, I was ready for the train to leave. Nevertheless, things usually do not go so smoothly as one desires. Since that was the terminal station, trains were scheduled to depart from there at certain times. Of course, the very train I got on could be no exception. It had to wait at least twenty minutes! Impatient, I sat there—mute, down-hearted, and miserable.

Suddenly, I lifted my head and perceived a pitiful sight—a crippled man, weak and fatigued; but he was calm and courteous. His aged, wrinkled face evidenced much hardship and deep anxiety. There was no smile expressed on his face. His countenance was that of one who had suffered tremendously. Still, he was not unpleasant in my first impression, though I felt self-conscious in my own way. I pitied this old victim and was willing to help him if there was a chance of my doing so.

The gracious newcomer paused for a moment in front of the car and started relating the story of his life and the misfortune of his deformity. After a short time, I realized that he was a victim of World War II, in which his nation had suffered total defeat. I must not deny that I sympathized tremendously with him and pitied his helplessness. As a healthy individual, I felt deeply that it was my responsibilty to help those who were feeble and unable to secure any job because of bodily deformities. I opened my purse and secured a couple of coins which I intended to give to him when he finished his preaching. While I was holding the coins in my hand and looking at him, a thought flashed into my mind, and detained my generosity. A voice within me murmured, "He is your enemy who fought against your country, bloodied your native soil, killed thousands of your countrymen, and left them crippled and homeless. Will you be such a traitor, extending alms to an enemy?"

I pitied him; he was a courageous knight in defeat, a calm philosopher in solitude. But that voice repeated and echoed while I struggled to control myself. My thoughts were in civil war; I was unable to master them. "Why can't one show mercy and love to his enemy? Why should I mind being a traitor while doing right?" I reflected. But that voice was too powerful and I struggled in vain.

Slowly, he approached me at the end of the car, bowing courteously to those who offered him their gifts. I sat motionless. He passed me silently. The coins were still held tightly in my hand.

THE VERDICT

Kit Ramsey

THE MAN was sitting on the edge of his chair lost in hought. His eyes were focused on a spot of sunlight re-lected on the floor in front of him. A slight smile lurked t the corner of his mouth, his hair was unkempt, and he eemed oblivious of all around him. He had been in that ame position since the jury had filed out of the courtroom ome forty-five minutes before, but he did not appear to be t all upset. In fact, he seemed to be the most relaxed erson in the room as he stared at the spot of sunlight on he floor.

For some time now he had been thinking of the past events hat had led up to the action taking place behind the scenes f the courtroom where the jury was deciding his fate. He miled to himself. "It was all so easy. It was almost like squeez-ng a water-softened cake of soap in my hands and feeling it ive way without resistance. That's where I first had the dea. A slimy cake of soap showed how simple it would be. merely applied pressure. I like that way of putting it. I nerely applied pressure. I wish I had told the newspapers hat. It sounds so scientific, so professional. It makes the vork seem on a higher scale than the word *strangle*. I guess ny method used to shut off breath would do, but I'm glad nat I used my hands. They're so powerful and useful."

He looked up from the floor and turned around in his hair to see who was in the courtroom. At the moment it was lmost empty. There were several old men in the far corner, few nondescript people here and there, and a girl sitting lone toward the back of the room. The man looked at her arefully. Her face was hidden, but something about her eminded him of the other girl—the one in the red coat. She shouldn't have worn that coat," thought he. "Blue vould have been much more becoming. She was the best y far. She would have been so pretty in death if her face ad not been so contorted. It was a disappointment that the irl wouldn't compose herself. Those perfect features were ll marred and twisted. Gad, she looked awful! The man in ne topcoat wasn't any better. He tried to scream even nough I begged him to relax. I could feel the muscles in is throat working as he struggled. His face was twisted, o, but his eyes were the worst."

The man turned in his chair and settled himself in a nore comfortable position. "Thev'll find me guilty. There s no doubt in their minds but what I am. Nor in mine, for nat matter. It probably won't be much longer now, and the udge will pronounce the sentence. I'll stand before him as ll and as straight as I can, and the judge will sav, 'Clement ones, I sentence you to die in the electric chair.' Then ll walk out with my head high and my shoulders back so that they can get a good picture for the evening paper. It'll probably be front page news."

Here he sat back in his chair and looked at the ceiling. "And when I die they'll all comment on how well I died. 'Jones,' they'll say, 'died like a man. He was calm, relaxed, and smiling during his last moments.'"

The man crossed his legs and studied the hands on his knees. "When I walk into the death house, I'll wave a greeting to the officials and reporters. Then I'll seat myself in the chair and allow them to attach the wires. While they prepare me for my death, I'll joke with them and enjoy myself. Yes sir, I'll die a death of dignity. I'll be relaxed and comfortable and not allow my face to become all twisted like those I strangled. I couldn't stand to have my face look like theirs. Awful sight!"

A disturbance in the courtroom caused him to look up in time to see the jury file back into the box. He sat up and straightened his tie. The court became quiet.

"Gentlemen of the jury," boomed the judge, "have you reached a verdict?"

"We have, your honor."

"What is your verdict, gentlemen?"

"Guilty, your honor."

The man relaxed. It was as he had expected. The judge looked sternly down at him and said in a deep voice, "Clement Jones, do you have anything to say for yourself?"

The guilty man drew himself up on his toes and replied almost gleefully, "No, your honor."

The Judge then continued, "Clement Jones, on the twelfth of April I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until dead."

All of the color drained from the man's face as he stared at the judge. Through his mind flashed the face of the girl in red and the man in the topcoat. "Good Lord, no! Not hanged, your honor! Anything, but not hanged!" His voice rose almost to a scream on the last word. He whirled around to face the court; and as he did, he saw himself reflected in the mirror on the far wall. His eyes were wild and staring. His face was twisted. He stared at himself for several moments, then fell to his knees and beat on the floor with his fists as his screams echoed around the courtroom, "No! No! No!"

Get This, Dad!

Mary Brooks Yarborough

LET ME tell you something weird, man. I was reading a book, *Safe Counsel,* penned by B. G. Jefferies and J. L. Nichols, sent to the rollers in 1895. Well, B. G. and J. L. had some hopped up ideas for the guys and dolls of that day. No wonder so many people got depressed about life in the twenties.

And while you're reading, dig the language these Joe's spout in.

How the queens rode in convertibles I'll never know. Said in the book, "The hair must be kept free from dust or it will fall out."

These characters talked about comparing a well-dressed body with a well-dressed mind, and about savages. Listen, "Compare a taste for dress with a taste for knowledge, culture, virtue, and piety. Dress up an ignorant young woman in the 'height of fashion'; put on plumes and flowers, diamonds, and gewgaws; paint her face, girt up her waist, and I ask you, if this side of a painted and feathered savage you can find anything more unpleasant to behold."

He takes a dig at the guys, too: "A man who is badly dressed, feels chilly, sweaty. . . . He stammers and does not always tell the truth. He means to, perhaps, but he can't. He is half distracted about his pantaloons, which are all much too short . . ." Man, what are pantaloons?

Then these guys get on a love jag. "A woman is never so bright and full of health as when deeply in love. Many sickly and frail women are snatched from the clutches of some deadly disease and restored to health by falling in love. Persons deeply in love become peculiarly pleasant, winning and tender. It is said that a musician can never excel or an artist do his best until he has been deeply in love."

You kids, here's how to act on a date. "Young man, if you desire to win the love and admiration of young ladies, first, be intelligent; read books and papers; remember what you read so you can talk about it."

You gals, dig this. "Falsehood, false hair, false curls, false colors, false cheeks and all that is false men naturally dislike. . . ." The beauty joints would bite the dust. And young lady, ". . . never encourage the attentions of a young man who shows no interest in his sisters."

Wonder if these fellas are married? They put in their bit on that, too. "Bright red hair should marry jet black, and jet black auburn or bright red, etc. . . . Red-whiskered men should marry brunettes, but no blondes; the color of the whiskers being more determinate of the temperament than that of hair. The color of the eyes is still more important. Gray eyes must marry some other color, almost any other color except gray; so of blue, dark, hazel, etc."

One last hint from the jive kids who penned this book: "The girl who allows the young man the privilege of kissing her . . . before engagement will at once fall in the estimation of the man she has thus gratified and desired to please." Platonic, dad!

Christmas, 1995

Mary Allred

CHRISTMAS, 1995. The world is full of people. But everyone is alone. This is the third Christmas since that fatal year when man lost *propinquibility,* a term newly born, a word for which there was never before a need, a word referring to the capacity men had for contact and for nearness. As I write this, in the hope that somehow the world may return to normal, that propinquibility may be regained and mankind thus perpetuated, I write knowing that at any moment either my paper or I may suddenly begin to drift away into the swirling fog—forever separated. Thus I must write lightly, quickly, must not hold on to this fluttering page; for the more tightly one strives to grasp a thing or a feeling or a person, the more quickly does he lose it, never to find it again.

No one (*we* is a term no longer having any meaning) knows just what has come to pass. It may be the result of any of several things. I know nothing. I do not know whether anything really exists. When the things and people that come near me drift on into oblivion, I never know whether I really saw them, spoke to them. I do not know where I am or whether the world is drifting or I am drifting or whether I am in the world. But I do know that I am completely cut off from the ability to remain near other men, that no objects remain long in possession, that propinquibility has been lost. All that I have not lost is memory; yet no memories are sure but those which are of things before the fatal year. And here is what I remember of the years which were a prelude to this shapeless world of fog and wind and oblivion:

Through the years of the 1900's men grew increasingly wiser, expanding their knowledge and potentialities by tremendous leaps. But men stopped here: they did not strive to develop in equal proportion love, brotherhood, the principles of right. They strove only for power—power which fast outgrew the growth of good. The varied cultures, races, nations, and governments into which men were organized grew steadily more grasping, more competitive in their greed for power and for domination. As this happened, the masses of individuals grew more and more frightened, panicky, insecure. Finally, after long cold wars of nerves and deceptions and competitive measures, after hot, devastating wars of blood and steel and bombs, the world was divided into two powers only, each determined to dominate or to destroy the other. In order to keep the masses of people from producing chaos in these frightening times, both powers clapped upon their subjects the iron rule of tyranny; for each state considered this necessary to its own survival. Yet each would have the other believe that its people were happy and free. So it was that all over the world every person lost his freedom and his security. Everywhere husbands were called into the nuclear warfare services or the space flight corps, never to return home. Doors were knocked upon in the night, and some member or members of a family were never seen again. Sweetheart was torn from sweetheart, parent from child. People, not being trusted, ceased to trust. Not trusting, they forgot to love. Not loving, they abandoned good. Everywhere fear and uncertainty ruled.

(Continued on page 20)

OF MEN AND LIGHT

Blue Calhoun

"What child is this?"
The shepherds asked
In awe and fear
That in that night
Of blackness struck
A spark of hope
In man.
In mortal quest
They ventured forth
Into the dark
That covers men
Who dare to rise
And go in search
Of light.
Within their ears
The echo of
The angel song
Still rang—the seed
Of hope by God
Implanted in
Man's heart.
And when the feet
And hearts were spent,
When doubt and dread
Had claimed their own,
The bright star cast
A hint of light
To come.
They found the Light
In Bethlehem
Mid oxen and
The fragrant hay:
The soft, bright light
Of promise come
To life.
The manger shone
With radiant glow
Of newborn hope:
The vision of
Eternity
When God became
A man.

"Show us the child!"
We voice the cry
That rises from
A world of night,
Where groping hands
And hearts renew
The search;
But in the dark
We see no star
And hear no voice
Of angel choir
That gives the hope
To spur us on
In faith.
Still looking for
A manger child,
We plod the road
To Bethlehem,
Now dusty from
The march of years
And men.
In lost despair
We stumble on
The manger step,
Not knowing that
We have arrived
Where once we wished
To be.
And opening
The lids of eyes
Now heavy with
The search, we see
That we have found
The manger of
The child.
But soft glow of
A babe's halo
Has passed and dimmed
Before another light:
We comprehend
Through blinded eyes
A cross.

The Concert

Sharlene Morris

"Good Heavens! Why should it matter to me? Six weeks is a long time." Catty thing. If she thought I didn't care about him, she'd keep her mouth shut. But I dare not say— Oh! Why don't they put a rubber carpet on these steps? You could break your neck on them. Especially the way we're running.

"Slow down! We aren't that late." Why did she have to leave so late anyhow? Not that I'm surprised. She's never anywhere on time. I might as well be talking to a zombie, for all the good it does. If she were wearing a sheath she'd yell at me for racing along. Somebody should say something to her about her bossiness.

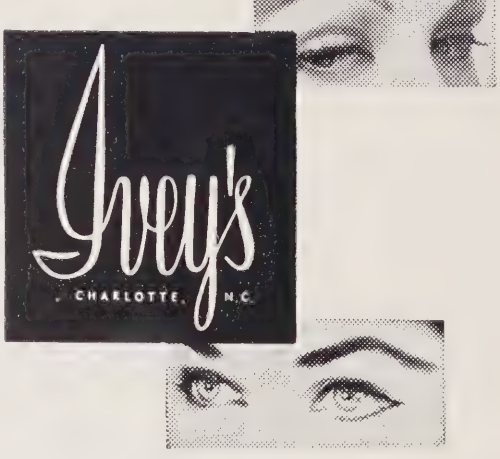
Things haven't changed, I see. They've still got those faded curtains. Looks like they could get some better ones at the prices they're charging for tickets. "Huh? . . . Oh, yes fine, Bill, . . . No, I haven't been seeing him recently . . . Oh, you didn't? . . . Yes, see you later." That was a likely story. Everybody's heard about it by now. And *he's* probably gloating. Why did I come here anyway? I might have known I'd see his friends. Not that I really care. It just makes m so mad that they think it matters.

How far down is she going? Not by those boys! And m in this dress! I knew the neck was too low. Wish that foo boy would take his eyes off me. "Sit here? Yes, I can se just fine." We would be just in front of that goggling idio I'll have to leave my coat on.

"He's where? Will you please not talk so loud, sweet? I'll have to compose myself. Fat help Marcia is! Those boy behind us probably heard her. Don't know why peopl have to shout. Well, if you're coming come! "Doubt worse than the cruelest of truth." Why did a thing like tha pop in my mind? It's a lie. I could name a dozen wors truths without even thinking. Oh, Lord. I'm becoming psy chotic. "Yes, Marcia, I see him." Why won't she shut up "How should I know? If he wants to see me he can com over." If I stand up, he'll have to see me. He probably doesn know I'm here. "No, I don't want to move. The seats ar fine. I just wanted to straighten my skirt. Sheaths wrinkl so." Why doesn't she say she suspects something?

I don't know why I did that. Whether he speaks to me o not doesn't make any difference. But I was horrible to him If only I hadn't started that conversation. I was wrong t blame him. Oh, I knew it! He is coming. I'll pretend I don see him. I don't know whether to be friendly or not. Mayb

keep your eye on



for significant fashion news

I should be joking with Marcia. My smile is nice. Besides if he sees me laughing he'll see that I'm not playing the part of the languishing heroine. He might think that I'm completely indifferent, though. Oh, well. "Don! What a surprise! I didn't expect you to come to the concert." He knows that's not true. He wouldn't miss a chance to hear Mozart for any reason. "Yes, he does play Mozart well." Oh, he hates red lipstick. I should have remembered. These earrings are too large too. He's sure to notice them. "Yes, I had a marvelous week end." I had a miserable time. His fault too. If he weren't so blind he'd realize it. How could I enjoy myself in that dull crowd? Especially a week after we broke up. "I'm sorry. It was too noisy to hear you. Curtain time? Nice to see you too."

I don't like the way he smiled. If he wanted to be so impersonal as that he shouldn't have spoken. It was pretty typical though. Why should I keep pretending? I'm still in love with him. This is ridiculous! I'll never get over him this way. Besides, he's not worth it. Nobody is. "What, Marcia? . . . Very nice." So she noticed the coat too. He does have good taste. Certainly an improvement over Bob. That plaid thing he wore last week was ghastly! I've never been so humiliated. Well, thank heaven the lights are going down. We won't get back before twelve now.

Bach . . . Mozart . . . Liszt . . . Rachmaninoff . . . Schoenberg. Both of us like them. Now that's being presumptuous. He likes them. I like them. And that's nearer the truth. I don't know why I said *we* anyhow. It was all so casual. I'm acting again. There's nothing casual about *I love you*. Here I go sounding like Victoria's grandchild. Well, I'm not. But he wouldn't say so. Oh, damn what he says and damn Victoria! I'm being a fool. If I go on like this, I'll end up in tears. That would be a pretty kettle of fish. I won't feed his ego that much or give Marcia fresh gossip.

What a time to hear Rachmaninoff! Suicide music! There I go again. If Dunninger were here, I'd be shipped off to the state hospital. It wouldn't be much worse than being here though. At least I wouldn't have to play the aloof and charming lady. I'd like to tell them all.

Thank heaven, the concerto's finished. I hope the concert won't be much longer. I'm disappointed in it.

The audience is getting restless. I wonder where he's sitting. I think—no, he's too thin. There! I should have remembered. He's too far-sighted to go much closer. Of course. There's Ted next to him. That's not unusual.

My lord! Schoenberg is dissonant enough. He could at least play the right notes. "Yes, quite." A lot Marcia knows about music! I shouldn't be so cross. It's not her fault that Don was so uncivil. I'm being a shrew. But still, I do wish she would leave me alone.

Schoenberg. This is the last piece. If he doesn't see me on the way out, I'm sure there won't be any hope. Unless he calls me next week. That would really be better. He's probably got some things to tell me that he doesn't want to say in front of Marcia. Of course, that's why he was so reserved before. I should have thought of that. But maybe I'm fooling myself again.

"He certainly did play well." I hope that was enthusiastic enough for her. It was a terrible performance, but I won't labor the point. Oh, where is he? "Marcia, just a minute!" If I fly out of here, he can't possibly speak to me. If I fumble with my things, I'll have more time. "I am hurrying, Marcia." He's looking over here. He knows I see him. That smile was warm enough. Where is the other glove? That's right. I put it in my pocket. Now where did he go? Oh, dear God, please don't let him leave me. No. He can't. He must be waiting outside! That's what has happened. He's waiting outside and he'll walk me to the car. There are so many people. I can't see him. Marcia is taken care of at least. From the look she's giving that boy, she'll be happy to talk to him for a while. Long enough for Don to find me anyway.

"Don! I didn't see you." The coat is nice. I always liked brown on him. Why can't I stop trembling so! He'll notice it. "Of course, Don. I never refuse an offer so gallantly proposed." That was flippant enough I suppose. At least we'll have time to talk.

There's that slippery place again. I don't want to turn my ankle now. That would make an unromantic picture indeed! I'm glad he's here to open the door too. I almost broke my wrist when I came in. "Yes, it is a lovely evening." The loveliest I've ever seen.

He's so jumpy. That's not to be wondered at I guess. I'm shaken up enough myself. I do wish I could think of something to say. "Don, please don't stop. What is it you want to say?" He wants to apologize and is ashamed to. I knew it! "Well, go on." I must not sound too anxious. But please answer, Don. Please. It's so hard to be on the brink of having relief and to be delayed in hearing the words.

No! I refuse to believe it. Don't let it be true! Oh, God, I want to die! "How could I blame you?" Why doesn't he leave before I cry? I can't let him see me. He says he cared for me. Yes, I was sure of that. In the midst of everything I knew it. "If you say so, I'm sure she must be a wonderful person." Please leave me. I want to be alone. How I want to be alone. "And I hope you'll be happy too." That was truthful enough. "No. I can't expect you to stay. Goodbye."

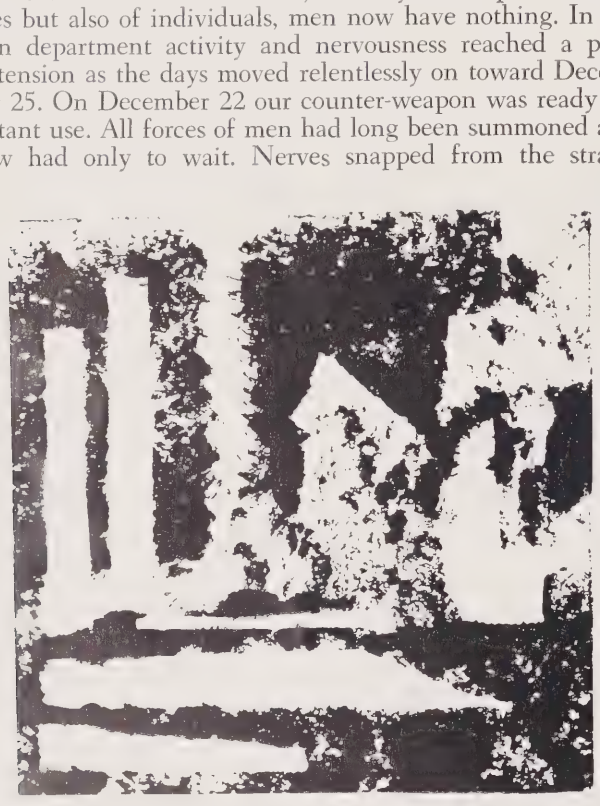
How insensible it was of him to kiss me. It's curious how a touch can weaken one so. If he just hadn't kissed me. Come back. Come back. Oh, God, how it hurts to cry. I ache. I can't give way like this. Marcia won't be much longer. I can't face her. Oh, I'm too tired to care. What difference does it make anyhow. So little remains. Six weeks. Six months. Six years. How do they matter? I love him.

Christmas, 1995

(Continued from page 16)

In 1992 I was a scientist working on a top secret project for one of the two nations in the world. It was known through certain "agents" that the enemy power was planning an attack on our nation for December 25 of that very year—an attack of such terror and impact as the world had never known or imagined. My department of scientists was ordered at once to produce the means for a counter-attack of equal force. Day and night we worked—worked in agony, for we knew that no world, no universe could withstand the clash of these two weapons.

Tension mounted. Leaks of knowledge about the inevitable war ahead trickled out to the people despite the iron wall of tyranny. Panic rose. Fear multiplied. Even in the high positions fear was not unknown. But all such emotions on the part of the leaders were smothered by the lust for power, by the driving desire to own the world. And because of this desire to have too much, not only on the part of countries but also of individuals, men now have nothing. In my own department activity and nervousness reached a peak of tension as the days moved relentlessly on toward December 25. On December 22 our counter-weapon was ready for instant use. All forces of men had long been summoned and now had only to wait. Nerves snapped from the strain.



Suicides were prevalent. Of my own staff of scientists who knew the terrifying secrets of the counter-weapon, only one besides me did not take his own life.

When night fell on the twenty-fourth of December, the world was in a state which defies all description. There was nothing anywhere which people could grasp, nothing to offer escape or peace or security; there was nowhere to run. Evil and greed had come too far. Good, too late stirred from its apathy, had been trampled. And two nations waited—waited for the morning, for the moment of conflict which might destroy all the universe.

The timepiece in my quarters measured the fleeting moments—five minutes until sunrise, five minutes until man would destroy himself, five minutes until evil would triumph once and for all, five minutes until a terror of which even the terrorized minds of these men could not conceive. I waited. The glass of water stood on the floor. Three capsules of poison rolled about my clammy palms. Four minutes—God, they seemed like four years—three minutes, two . . . I prepared myself to swallow the capsules. I picked up the water, held it, not quite being able to bring death to myself. All the world lay in wait.

And suddenly, with a gigantic clap of thunder, day dawned—upon a world of swirling fog. In one instant propinquibility snapped. No war could take place, for men and objects everywhere were torn from contact with each other. The glass of water left one hand; the capsules flew from the other. I—or they—drifted into the distance, into the fog. In that same instant men everywhere receded into the mist, torn by some invincible force away from each other's reach, drifting, ever drifting into the grayness, never able to hold to anything, never able to remain long in contact with anyone or anything.

So it has been since and so it is now. There will be no more chance for men to destroy the universe, for men can no longer hold materials, can no longer join together, can no longer unite in efforts or in purpose. A man can talk to another; but even as they talk, one of them disappears. Always each must wonder whether the other was real or was a dream. And anything or anyone which one might come upon in the mist and desire or love is swiftly snatched and swirled away forever.

Perhaps this is the unpredicted result of the clashing of two monster weapons. Perhaps this is the working of man's mind, a condition brought about from the collective panic and insecurity and futile striving in the minds of all men. Perhaps this is the work of a God to keep men from uniting in selfish efforts that would destroy his creation.

Whatever the cause, unless there is somewhere enough power—enough power of love and good—to conquer this, to overcome it, there will be very soon no mankind. I write this with the hope that somewhere in this grayness there is love powerful enough to regain propinquibility and rebuild a better world, and that someday someone may read this—and remember.

POETIC JUSTICE

Marilyn Hackett

Hopeless youth!
Often lectured with hard-hitting truth
To be left in the air
With an open-mouthed stare
While our lecturer blackens his own little pot
By doing what we little kettles should not.

But take heart!
In the years that will come wounds that smart
Will be soothed by the balm
Of the frustrated calm
Which descends with these words from the governing few
"Do as I say do—not as I do."

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

BETSY GOODYKOONTZ

BLAKE McNAIR SAT hunched over his battered portable typewriter. Frowning, he watched the thin curl of smoke rising from his cigarette. The lonely cold of the dingy little hotel room was beginning to seep uncomfortably into his bones. With a sudden surge of despair Blake flung his cigarette butt onto the worn carpet and crushed the ashes with his foot. He turned and looked at the bare yellow walls of the little room. The straight, hard furniture and the narrow little bed and the crumpled pieces of paper scattered on the floor near the desk all seemed to spell misery and failure.

Blake picked up one of the crushed pieces of paper and slowly unfolded it. The typed sentences were meaningless; they spelled the death of the story that Blake had been trying to write for the past twelve hours, the story that his New York editor was demanding, the story that the free world was waiting for. But Blake McNair, who for fifteen years had been the leading foreign news correspondent of the United States, could not write the story.

With slumped shoulders he walked to the narrow window and looked out at the midnight-dead streets of Budapest. All he could see was rubble and old buildings silhouetted against piles of snow. Suddenly Blake did not care. In a finality of despair he pulled on his heavy overcoat and fur-lined boots and turned out the dim electric light and quietly left his room.

He stood for a moment outside his door and listened. He could feel the silent presence of the Russian soldiers who carefully guarded the Western correspondents' hotel. On the surface the soldiers were always polite to the newsmen, but Blake knew that they would not be very polite to an American breaking the curfew. This time he did not care, though. The thought-stifling, stale-smoke atmosphere of his hotel cell had literally driven him out into the cold night air. He *had* to take a walk. If he was not seen, maybe the story would begin to take shape in his fuzzy mind. If he got caught he would be shot, but it really did not matter anymore.

Silently he tiptoed down the hall and crept down the back stairs. At the bottom of the staircase he stood and listened again for a moment. There was only deadly silence. With infinite caution he opened the heavy door of the service entrance and slid quickly into the shadows of the alley outside. The first breath of the cold night air stung his lungs. The biting cold attacked his already chilled bones and he shivered. He dug his hands deep into his pockets. He had lost his gloves somewhere in the milling crowd that had gaspingly witnessed the Sunday-afternoon massacre of the women at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Blake began to walk softly through the back alleys and side streets of the black city. With well-trained tactics he stayed always in the shadows. The crisp snow crunched and gave under his feet. The silence of the city under curfew was tomb-like. With his hands in his pockets and his shoulders hunched and his head down, Blake walked slowly; and the only thing in his mind was his story that he could not write.

This was Christmas Eve and he was in Hungary, a heartbreakingly brave little country, a country that was sacrificing its life-blood for a cause that men dream of. This country and this night held the possibilities of the greatest story ever written. But Blake McNair could not write that story. He, Blake McNair, who had given whole nations of people blazing, living, vital stories of Iwo Jima, London, Berlin, Heartbreak Hill, French Indonesia; who had become a great symbol not only in press circles but in homes across the world; who had received countless medals and citations for valor and insight and accurate reporting, could not find in his heart or mind the Christmas-Eve story of the most valiant, oppressed people the world had seen in many years. Something had happened inside of him, he knew. His mind was working perfectly well, with a calculating, cold intellectuality; it was his heart that was dead. He did not know when it had happened. Maybe it came from fifteen years of seeing men who were fighting for a cause killed in cold blood; maybe it had started when Polly and the baby were lost in the plane crash; or maybe he had become just a human typewriter.

This night was Christmas Eve, and yet there was no stir of emotion within Blake's heart. He tried to remember the pre-dawn, cold-footed excitement of his boyhood Christmases, the first Christmas he and Polly had been married, the first Christmas after the baby was born; but there was still only that intense, aching coldness inside of him.

Suddenly out of the corner of his eye Blake saw a barely perceptible movement in the snow about a hundred yards ahead of him. Quickly he hugged the shadowy wall of a building and dropped behind a big discarded box. Straining every nerve and muscle, he watched. He saw the movement a second time, and this time it was closer. For what seemed like centuries he remained crouched in one position until he thought he would surely freeze to death. The movement kept recurring, and finally Blake could discern a human form moving slowly, haltingly, through the garbage cans and boxes of the alley. As the person came

(Continued on page 23)

THE

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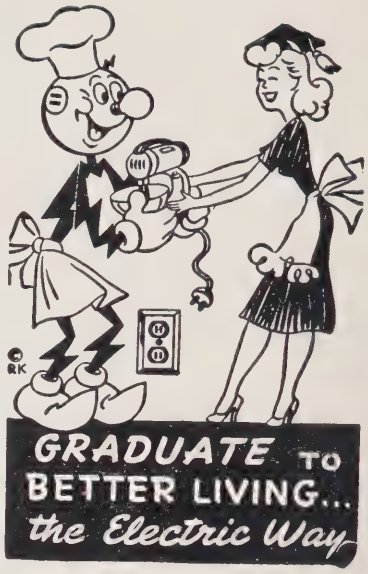

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THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

(Continued from page 21)

loser, Blake realized with astonishment that it was a child. ust as the small being was within a foot of his hiding-place, lake reached out and grabbed him by the arm and pulled im behind the big box.

"What are you doing in the alley at midnight?" he whis-ered hoarsely in Hungarian.

The child was so frightened that he could not speak. Ie crouched like a terrified animal in the dirty snow and nivered with the cold and with silent sobs.

"Don't be frightened, child. I'm an American."

Slowly the child raised his tear-stained face and looked nbelievingly at Blake.

"A real American?" There was a pathetic mixture of ope and disbelief in his quavering little whisper.

"Yes, I'm a real American. Child, tell me, what is your ame and why are you out in the alley so far after curfew? ou'll be killed if you're caught."

"I'm Jozef," said the child. "And I — —."

Blake suddenly clapped his hand over the child's mouth. he ominous, silent growl of the military-police patrol car ounded nearby. Blake pulled the child closer behind the ig box. The car cruised slowly down the alley, its white earchlight making arcs over the trash and rubble. Finally ie two red tail lights of the car disappeared. Blake was naking, and there were beads of sweat on his forehead.

"We must be careful, Jozef."

"I know, sir. I know it's bad for me to be out at night ke this. But you see, I'm trying to find a Christmas gift or Mama somewhere in all the trash back here."

"A Christmas gift?"

"Yes, sir. Tomorrow is Christmas, you know."

"But Jozef, how did you learn of Christmas?"

"Oh, my grandmother told me the story of the Baby esus."

"The Baby Jesus," Blake thought. "I'd almost forgotten nat's where Christmas started."

Blake said softly, "Jozef, what kind of present are you ooking for?"

"A match."

"A match? Have you no matches, no fire?"

"No, sir. You see, I have a candle. It's so beautiful, and ve saved it for a long time, ever since my grandmother ave it to me when I was just a little boy. It's the only retty thing I've ever had. But I want to give it to Mama ow for Christmas. I want to make her happy and remind er of the Baby Jesus' star. Mama's sad this Christmas. Daddy was killed in the fighting three weeks ago, and we ave no home because the soldiers burned it. I'm sad too, ut I have to take care of Mama and make her happy. Anyway, Christmas isn't a time to be sad, is it?"

For the first time in several years Blake felt a lump in is throat and tears in his eyes. He could not speak.

Jozef pulled from the pocket of his ragged jacket an blong package wrapped in crumpled tissue paper. He anded it to Blake. "This is the candle. Isn't it beautiful? hope Mama will like it."

Blake removed the tissue paper and looked at the candle. There was enough light from the pale moon so that he ould see that the candle was a long, fat, very ordinary candle. It was red and once it had been covered with silver sparkly stuff, but now all but a few of the sparkles had worn off. He fingered it for a moment in silence.

"It's the most beautiful candle I've ever seen, Jozef. And, Jozef, I have lots of matches. I want to give them to you for a Christmas present."

"Oh, sir." All the gratefulness and rapture the human heart is capable of was in those two brimming words.

"Jozef, may I take you to your home? It's dangerous for you to be out."

"I can go alone, sir. It's too much trouble for you to go too," the child said bravely. "Anyway, I'm a man now."

Blake smiled. "I'd like to go and pay a Christmas visit to your mother, Jozef. It's late, but we can wake her and have a Christmas party."

The child was overjoyed. "It's not far, sir. Come, I'll show you the way."

Jozef led Blake by the hand down the dark alley. After they had walked for about a block, the child showed Blake into a tiny, cold, dark room adjoining an old deserted warehouse.

Blake struck a match and lit the candle that the child handed to him. In the warm candlelight Blake saw the tiny room, devoid of any furniture. A few chipped plates and half a loaf of black bread were laid on an old upturned crate. The form of a sleeping woman was lying on a worn blanket.

Jozef leaned over her and whispered, "Mama, Mama, wake up."

The woman stirred and moaned and then sat up suddenly. In the dim light Blake could see her thin, once pretty face that was now ravaged by sorrow and fear.

"Jozef, what's wrong ——?" She stopped short as she saw Blake standing with the lighted candle in his hand.

Jozef took the candle from Blake and held it out to his mother. "Mama," he said smilingly, "Merry Christmas."

She took the candle in bewilderment.

"Mama, this man is an American. He came to visit us. And he gave us a match so I could light your Christmas candle."

Blake stepped forward and held out his hand to the woman. With a sudden surge of nostalgia, Blake remembered the smell of pine and the sound of sweet carols ringing over the snow and the silent thrill of the story that began with "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night." For the first time in his life Blake McNair was at a loss for words. But he did not need to say much. Jozef's happiness was all that mattered.

Jozef sat down on the floor by his mother and took her thin hand. "Mama," he said, "Grandmother gave me this candle, and I've always kept it because it's so pretty. But I thought you needed a gift this Christmas, and I want you to have my candle because I love you. And I'm glad I can give you a candle, because it's bright just like the Baby Jesus' star was bright. And, Mama, you know how God gave us His son as a gift. Well, it's kind of like Daddy gave his life as a gift to you and me and our country. He gave us a Christmas gift too."

Blake and the woman looked at each other. Both had tears streaming down their faces. Blake thought, "No, I need not say anything now. Jozef has said all that is necessary."

As Blake looked at Jozef, the boy's face seemed to grow brighter. There was more than candlelight in the tiny room. Blake looked out the narrow window and saw in

the dark winter sky a star that was bigger and brighter than anything he had ever seen before. The beams of the star were shining directly on Jozef's face. With a wonder and joy and love he had never felt before Blake McNair shut his eyes and said, "Thank you, God."

Blake wanted to tell Jozef and his mother about some more Christmas gifts. Blake was going to get them food and money and clothes, and he was going to risk his life in trying to help them escape across the border into Austria. Somehow he could not manage to speak now, though. He said only, "I'll be back tomorrow morning first thing and pay you a real visit. Till then, Merry Christmas."

He left the mother and son sitting arm in arm in the light of the Christmas candle and went back out into the cold night air. Blake strode back to the hotel with a joy and resolution he had not known for many years. He had his story now; and it would be the most wonderful story that he had ever written. It would not be a story for writing's sake; it would be a story of joy and love. It would not be Blake McNair's news story; it would be Jozef's Christmas story.

LONELINESS

Sharlene Morris

My love stood by me.
But the gulls circling above
In the darkening sky
Touched me closer than his thoughts.
Pain—stronger than the raging sea—engulfed me.

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Christ and the Stable

Peggy Bedsol

Near an inn in David's city,
Out beneath the winter sky,
In a lowly manger lies he,
With the cattle standing by.
There the gentle baby Jesus,
Come from heaven to earth, doth sleep,
Cuddled by his virgin mother,
From him night's chill breeze to keep.

Who attends this royal infant
Called by prophets King of Kings?
Oxen here their watch are keeping
While in heaven each angel sings.
Shepherds come to find the baby
When the angels' carols cease;
They alone that night pay homage
To the Lord, the Prince of Peace.

'There is no room," the keeper said
To a tired young man that day.
'Caesar's men have all these quarters;
In that stable you may stay."

To the stable went the couple;
There was born the Savior then,
While the Caesar's men, not God's son,
Had the comfort of the inn.

Thou hast dwelt in outer quarters,
In the stable of my heart,
Where the wind of cold indifference
Keeps myself and thee apart.
Christ, dwell in the inner chamber,
In the stately ruler's hall.
There be king of my whole being—
Of my mind, my heart, my all.

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THE STORM

Laura Prince

IT IS DARK now; hidden from the earth by seething, black clouds, the moon casts no ribbon of pale light upon the sea's face. Above me, around me, through me, the savage wind screams as it rushes to meet the austere night. Calling! Now calling softly—now calling loudly! Without mercy it struggles to destroy the bending, yellow sea oats behind me. Under my bare feet the sand, cooled by the fluent air, whips stingingly against my legs. It swirls, then rests; swirls, rests. Pushed on and on and on by the driving wind, the sand thrusts its white grains into the shore.

In the shadowed velvet rocks below, the foamy, throbbing waves incessantly pound the beach with mighty torrents of heaving green water. Powerless in the hands of the storm, the heaven seems to be ripped asunder by shooting bolts of lightning and by rumbling thunder. In one deafening burst the rain comes, its drops from the sky drenching everything in its path. Time stands still as the storm paints her portrait in the night.

Held in awe by the rain, wind, waves, clamor, I stand upon the shore and taste the spray of salt upon my lips. The joy that surges through me is wild, untamed; the fear, daring, yet reverent. Turning to let the wind toss my hair, I see you dimly outlined running through the rain. For endless moments we stand together in the sand, witnessing the splendor of this creation of beauty. Then we slowly, silently walk away—remembering.

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ENIGMA

Amelia Alexander

You must have felt the way I felt—
I felt it from the start.
You knew as quickly as I knew—
We read each other's heart.

Your eyes searched mine; you must have seen
What I saw deep in yours—
A need like mine, a hope like mine,
A common, burning force.

You must have known the joy I knew,
For I had found my One.
But why have you dispelled my joy,
And where can you have gone?

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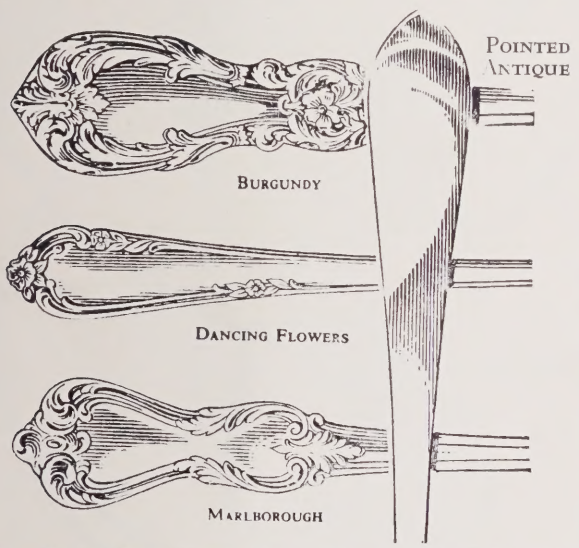

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